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BOSTON MASSACHUSETTS
1931

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FOREWORD

"TROLLEY TRIPS," A BOOKLET OF THIRTEEN ARTICLES, HAS BEEN PREPARED WITH THE VIEW OF PRESENTING TO RESIDENTS OF METROPOLITAN BOSTON AND VISITORS THE MANY PLACES OF GREAT BEAUTY AND INTEREST WITHIN EASY REACH.

AT THE END OF EACH ARTICLE IS SHOWN THE WAY, OR WAYS, BY WHICH THESE PLACES MAY BE REACHED, USING THE SURFACE AND RAPID TRANSIT LINES OF THE BOSTON ELEVATED RAILWAY AND THE LINES OF CONNECTING TRANSPORTATION AGENCIES. IN GENERAL, THE PARK STREET SUBWAY IS TAKEN AS THE STARTING POINT.

TO ROSE SHEA AND CASIMIR F. SHEA OF WATERTOWN, THE BOSTON ELEVATED RAILWAY WISHES TO EXPRESS ITS APPRECIATION: TO HER FOR THE TEXT AND TO HIM FOR THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Take "Trolley Trips"

to These Places

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AT NANTASKET BEACH

REVERE *and* NANTASKET BEACHES

WHEN THE city becomes too dull, the dust and clamor of the streets too stifling, the billows of heat too unbearable, it is time to say, "Let's go to the beach."

New England is fortunate in having many fine beaches dotted along the shore from the uppermost reaches of Maine to the nethermost tip of the Cape. For those who wish to enjoy the coolness of a trip to the sea, without journeying far from home, there are two very fine beaches near at hand.

Revere Beach is one of the most beautiful along the Atlantic seaboard. It is a sunbleached playground, running for two miles beside a broad blue bay in a curving shoreline.

The Commonwealth maintains a bath house here and the bathing is excellent.

Although the magnificent beach is the great attraction at Revere, there is also an amazing variety of amusements and entertainments. The Revere Parkway is crowded in the summertime with throngs who love the carnival spirit of the place, the dance music, roller coasters, thrillers, shooting galleries, games of chance and puzzlers of all kinds. Everywhere advertisements of full course shore dinners, hot dogs, pop corn and lemonade stimulate the appetite.

The trip to Nantasket affords one of the most delightful harbor sails in this locality. It is a one-hour voyage from Rowe's Wharf. The hour is not quite long enough for the city dweller who finds relief on the deck and enjoys the coolness and quiet of the sail.

The pretty Indian word, "Nantasket," translated into the English language means, "Place of low ebb tide." The shelving beach and stretch of hard white sand left when the tide is out, bear witness to the truth of the description. It is an ideal resting place for wilted visitors.

The hardest thing in the world to do, is to do nothing, gracefully. This can be accomplished on the sands of Nantasket. Enjoyment is so simple on a beach. You may lie on the sand dozing under the rays of the sun that bleaches the sand and browns the skin while all the time you are being fanned by the cool breath of thousands and thousands of miles of salt sea water. You may stream the silky sand through the fingers into glistening pyramids; watch the tiny sandpipers hopping over the seaweed or a gull careening overhead; listen to the music of the surf as it washes the pebbles, flinging them forward and swishing them back in constant ebb and flow.

Thought is not heavy on a beach. Perhaps you speculate upon the color of the sea,—so colorless when cupped in the hand or held in a child's toy bucket, so colorful

when viewed in its limitless expanse. Then its color is everchanging and has the variety and brilliancy of jewel hues.

Emerald green is the sea on this warm summer day. Under tomorrow's cloudless sky a sapphire blue and the next day, beneath squally winds and thunderclouds, an amethyst purple.

Everything is effortless. Does your baby wish to dig? Stretch out your hand, here is a shell. Shells make good shovels.

The beach is a paradise for children. Their mothers cease to worry about accidents and the frequent warnings, such as "Don't do that, you'll be run over," are never heard. Here the only thing that can run over a child is the foamy frill on the skirt of a blue Atlantic wave.

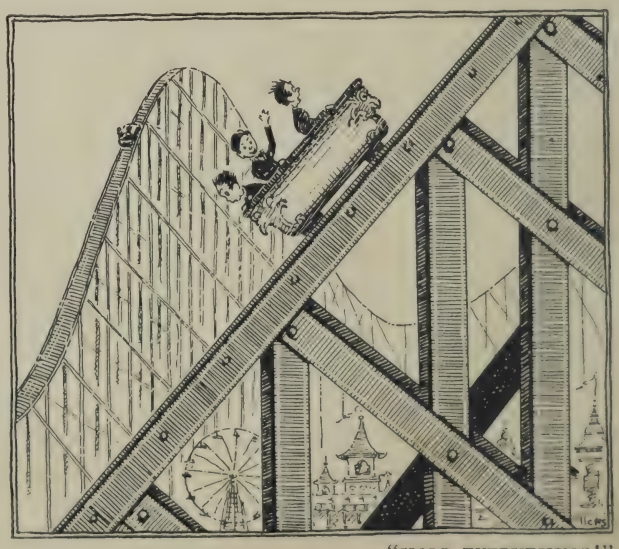
Here the children race over the rippled sand, no obstacle blocks the fun of a somersault, a turned cart-wheel, or a strenuous game of leapfrog. The sand, like modeler's wax, accepts the imprint of the little flying feet, the dug-in-toes and barely touching soles. They trace a bubble to its source to find the lair of a clam. They hollow golden beds and lie in molds, securely wrapped and covered by warm blankets of sand. They are thoroughly sunned, sanded and salted.

The children search for every oddity along the oceanside—a hermit crab, a starfish, a seagull's feather. They are little beachcombers treasuring whatever they find in the jetsam of the shore. Each pretty stone is a potential paperweight. And the heavily-burdened mother inquires plaintively: "How many paperweights do you think one family needs?" The irrepressible young beachcomber shouts, "One hundred."

Robert Louis Stevenson must have loved to watch the children at play in the sand, for he wrote these lines:

> "When I was down beside the sea,
> A wooden spade they gave to me,
> To dig the sandy shore.
>
> My holes were empty, like a cup,
> In every hole the sea came up,
> Till it could come no more."

I have often thought that architects, designers and city planners, in search of fresh ideas, would do



"HOLD EVERYTHING!"

AT THE BEACH

well to observe the children and the objects they model in wet sand.

Such mansions, castles and courtyards; such barracks, moats, secret tunnels and subways. Their beauty is elusive; the little child who comes back to admire his masterpiece will never find it. The most delicate Alhambra, the most dangerous dungeon, dissolve forever with the coming of the tide.

We have dallied long enough upon the sand. Let us run down the shore and have a swim. If the bromide of the city is, "It's not the heat, it's the humidity," then that of the seashore is, "The water's fine, after you get in." Don't hesitate now, a spring, a plunge and a tingling shock of cold. Thrusting the water away in sweeps of the arm, swimming steadily into deeper water, testing the depth with an exploratory toe to find the bottom gone. Joyously splashing, treading, kicking along. Swerving up to float awhile. Strange what a different perspective you get as a water waif. The sky is a blue vault shaped like the inside of a cup—and you swim in the saucer of the sea. You are cool at last. You call back to the lingerer on the shore, "Come on, the water's fine,—after you get in!"

HOW TO REACH REVERE AND NANTASKET BEACHES

Revere Beach—*North station or Lechmere car from Park street subway station to Scollay Square, then Revere Beach car of the Eastern Massachusetts Street Railway; or*

North station or Lechmere car from Park street subway station to Scollay square station; East Boston tunnel train to Maverick station; then Revere Beach car of the Eastern Massachusetts Street Railway; or

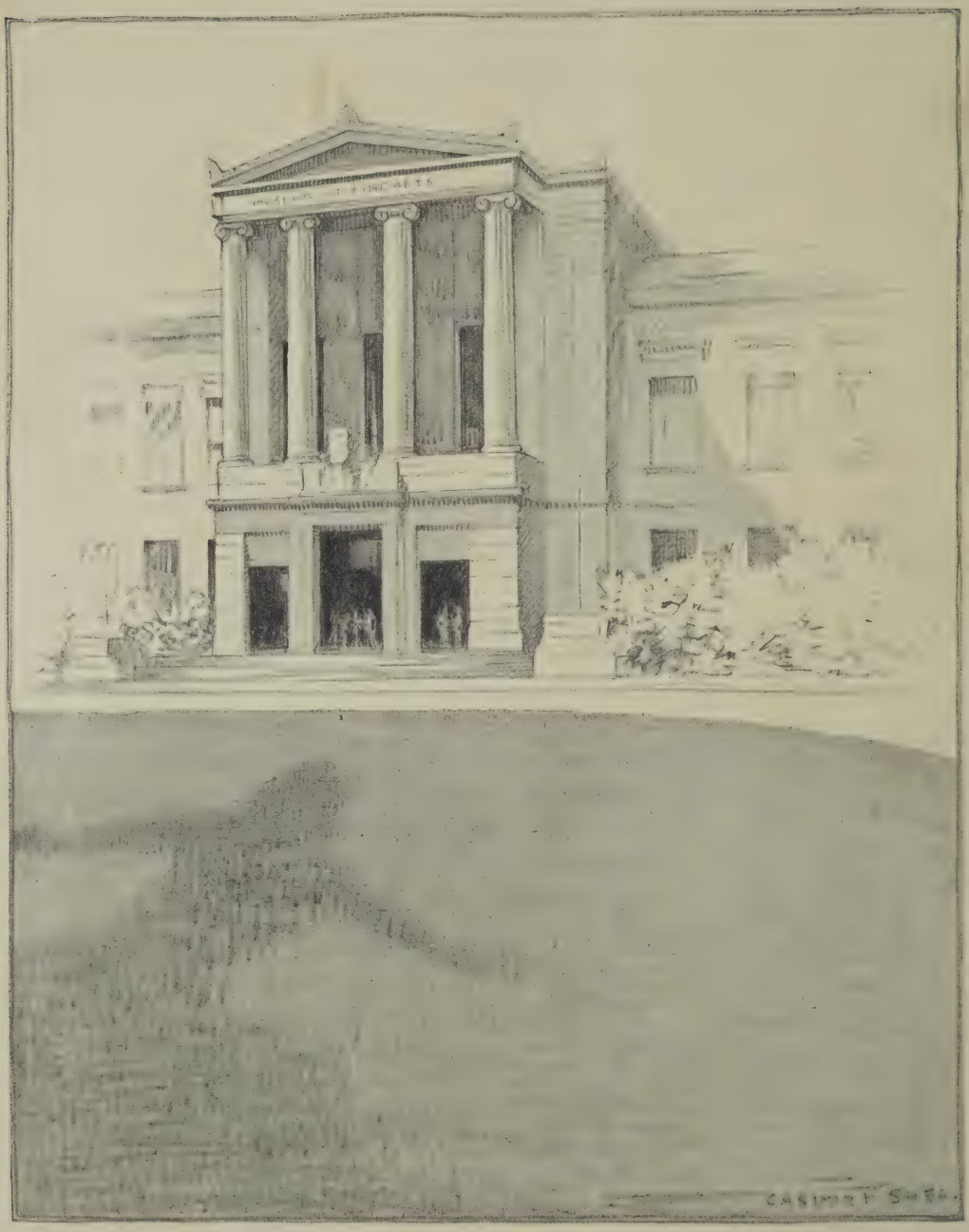
Dorchester tunnel train to South station under; Rowes Wharf car from Dewey square; then ferry and train of the Boston, Revere Beach and Lynn Railroad; or

Atlantic avenue Elevated train to Rowes Wharf station; then ferry and train of the Boston, Revere Beach and Lynn Railroad.

Nantasket Beach—*Dorchester tunnel train to South station under; Rowes Wharf car from Dewey square; then Nantasket Beach Steamboat Company steamer; or*

Dorchester tunnel train to Ashmont station; high-speed trolley to Mattapan station; then Eastern Massachusetts Street Railway bus; or

Atlantic avenue Elevated train to Rowes Wharf, then Nantasket Beach Steamboat Company steamer.



THE BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS

BOSTON MUSEUM of FINE ARTS

NOT MORE than a few minutes' ride from the heart of Boston stands the Museum of Fine Arts, one of the great museums of the world. Founded sixty years ago by a group of Boston citizens, it was the first incorporated museum in the United States. It is entirely supported by friends and receives no help from either the City or the Commonwealth. Its collections of art are justly famed throughout the world. The Museum is open from nine until five daily, except Monday, when it is closed. On Sunday, it is open from one until five. Admission is free.

Let us approach the Museum by the main entrance on Huntington Avenue, pausing a moment on the way to admire the statue by Cyrus Dallin, the "Appeal to the Great Spirit." Somehow this statue seems almost symbolical of the beautiful granite temple before which it stands, for is it not permissible to say that the entire collection within the Museum is a silent appeal to the Great Spirit to lift us a little higher out of the dust.

Then if we progress normally, straight ahead, up the noble stairs, we come to the rotunda where we behold above us the magnificent murals of John S. Sargent.

The visitor to any museum should be warned against "museum fatigue," that insidious malady which is the result of trying to see too much. To hurry through a museum in the hope of seeing everything is really to see nothing at all. During this visit we shall concentrate on the paintings. Because they are more familiar, they thrill us and we understand them.

The artist lingers in rapt admiration before his favorites: The portraits of Dr. Nicolas Tulp and the Wife of Dr. Nicolas Tulp, by Rembrandt. The portrait by Franz Hals of a lady in a huge white ruff. The painting by John S. Sargent of the daughters of Edward D. Boit,—four little girls in pinafores.

To an artist's wife the paintings which tell a story have greater appeal. Among these are:

"The Fog Warning," Winslow Homer's fine picture of an old fisherman. Pulling on the oars, he is, at the same time, keeping an eye on the ominous bank of grey in the distance. A big fish lies cold and heavy at the bottom of the boat.

"The Slave Ship," a picture by W. M. Turner which has been called "A passionate expression of the devilish horrors of the slave trade." We see here the sinister vessel, doomed, the flaming sky, and the poor brown wretches floating with the chains still about their hands and feet.

"The Torn Hat," by Thomas Sully. What mother could look upon that sunny face beneath the tattered brim and not see the face of her own dear boy?

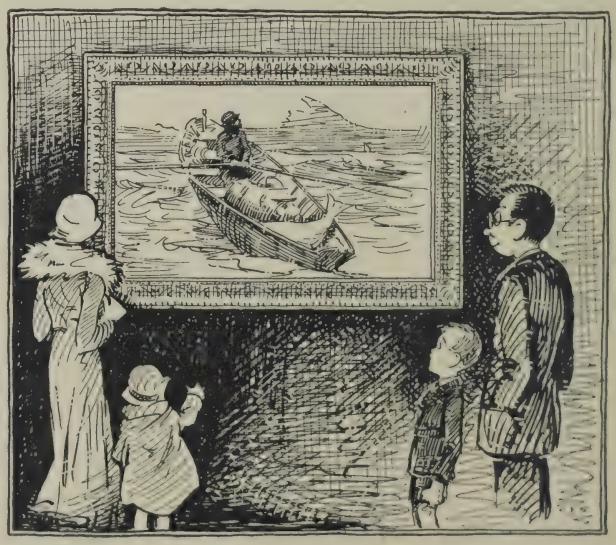
Another picture, sweet as a melody, one of a series by Claude Monet, is of water lilies in a pond. When you gaze upon this canvas the Museum recedes from consciousness. You see the delicate lilies afloat among their green pads, you feel the warm sunlight which floods the pond, you can almost hear the whirr of the wings of dragonflies and scent the fragrance of the flowers.

In another gallery is a sketch which never fails to touch the heart. It is by Millet and is called "Winter Evening." It shows the interior of the home of a humble French peasant. A tiny lamp illuminates the group. It flickers upon the mother bent over her sewing, the cradle of the child and the father braiding a basket. And another, by the same artist, might well be called the hope of the sleepless. It is "Noonday Rest" and shows the simple peasants slumbering deeply in the still heat of noon after their labors in the field. Another by Millet, this one on the first floor, is called "The First Step" and to mothers is as appealing as the name suggests.

On the same floor is Francis Alexander's portrait of the man who wrote of everyday people and everyday life. Oh, Charles Dickens, of whom do you write, paper before you and inspired pen in your hand? The artist has painted you at the age of thirty when you had already called into being the enjoyable Mr. Pickwick, the school teacher Nicholas, pathetic Oliver, Dolly Varden and Little Nell.

Of the great American artists, John Singleton Copley was one of the earliest. It is said that he truly depicts the appearance of the forefathers of this country and gives a true idea of the customs and costumes of their times.

Gilbert Stuart was another great American artist. Perhaps his most famous portraits are those of George and Martha Washington. People often wonder at the unfinished backgrounds of these paintings. In the Museum library I read that the artist deliberately left them unfinished. Stuart's reason for not finishing these sketches was that he wished to retain the head of Washington as a copy; he realized that he could never do anything better, and so he refused



"THE FOG WARNING"

"MUSCLES"

to part with it, using it as a model. He called it his "hundred dollar bill" for, whenever he needed ready money, he would paint a copy, which invariably sold for that price!

An important exhibition to be held during the summer months of 1931 is one of modern French paintings loaned by Mr. John T. Spaulding from his collection. They are to hang in one of the painting galleries. Another exhibition of interest is that of the landscapes and seascapes of the great French artists, Corot and Monet, to be shown this summer, in the Renaissance Court Galleries.

Perhaps no collection in the Museum is of more general appeal than that of the decorative arts with its series of original rooms from European and American houses. Every period room is authentic. Supplementing the rooms are galleries where European and American metalwork, glass, porcelain, pottery, tapestries, furniture and other examples of the decorative arts are exhibited. This department occupies three floors, forming a wing which overlooks a courtyard where visitors may rest amid the setting of a lovely formal garden.

Come frequently to this Museum for only after repeated visits can anyone really appreciate all of its varied and notable collections.

HOW TO REACH THE BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS

Any Huntington avenue car from Park street subway station to Parker Street.

The Children's Museum

Let us next go to Olmstead Park, Jamaica Plain, where we shall find a delightful place called the Children's Museum. It is open from nine to five on weekdays and holidays and from one-thirty to five on Sunday. There is no admission fee.

The Children's Museum was founded for the purpose of promoting the child's love of nature and interest in science. If the throngs of interested little visitors we see here is an indication, surely its purpose is accomplished. It is the first children's museum to be organized in New England and the second in the country. It is now filled far beyond its capacity with exhibits of natural history and ethnology, all of which are vitalized by story labels. The entire collection has been acquired by gift. Nothing has been bought.

Children consider it a great treat to come here and are blissfully unconscious that they are acquiring knowledge the moment they step over the threshold. To enumerate some of the curious things a child may study here: a porcupine fish, covered with strong, bony spikes; a caseful of beautiful shells, all shapes and colors; a tremendous leatherbacked turtle; a sailfish with varnished sail a-flying; mouselike shrews that eat insects instead of cheese; a Zulu maiden's love letter necklace; a raccoon that washes its food before it eats it; a baby elephant that has lived in India and Franklin Park; an Eskimo raincoat made of seals' intestines; shells of a mollusk that furnishes coat buttons and steak; a stuffed bull moose. All these and many more.

To me these things are all very curious but not nearly so fascinating as the doll collection. Every nationality, period and character are represented in this display.

If only that old fantasy were true, that at a certain hour all the dolls of toyland come to life and choose partners for the dance, then surely would the occupants of the doll case at the Children's Museum choose strange mates.

VIEWING NATURE'S WONDERS

Then might Pinocchio, of the long nose, choose little Annie Rooney; surely Pierrot would choose the dainty Pierette; Charles, the French doll, would pick Lois of the waxy face; and Nanook, the Eskimo, would prefer Squash Blossoms, while Mrs. Long Bull, of the thick black braids, would cradle the American baby doll; and the Portuguese fisherman doll might bow to the French fishermaid. Would the rag doll from Mexico dare aspire to the Shaker maid? But what would become of the poor "unmarried one," French doll of cruel satire, would she be left without a partner for the dance? The children hope not and suggest that she jump out of her present case and capture the handsome military doll who lives next door, or even the jewel merchant, the most eligible bachelor doll there. The children also hope that this gives her beautiful sawdust sisters a pain in their jointed necks.

HOW TO REACH THE CHILDREN'S MUSEUM

Jamaica Plain car from Park street subway station or Dudley street station to Morain street. Short walk.

THE DUCK POND, BEAVER BROOK

The Waverley Oaks Reservation

Another fine trip, easily made by street car from any part of Boston or the suburbs, is to Beaver Brook, in Waverley, perhaps better known as the Waverley Oaks Reservation. After leaving the car at Waverley Square, to reach the Reservation is only a short, pleasant walk for parents and their little ones in search of relaxation and beauty.

This trip may also be considered one of historical interest since Waverley Oaks is one of the oldest of the State Reservations. Its fifty-four acres of natural woodland include some of the oldest and finest oak trees in the country. The brook was named by Governor John Winthrop in 1632, "Because beavers had shorn down great trees and made divers dams across the brook."

To those whose idea of pleasure is to spend their leisure hours in the out-of-doors, here is their Mecca; acres of greensward, of hill, valley, stream and forest all generously extended in this great recreation ground. Here are to be found a thousand places, all lovely and all different, where one may spread the picnic cloth. Here are tiny bridges where little children, and grown up ones, idle time away plunking pebbles into transparent streams. Here is a fine baseball diamond, and bleachers too. Here every manner of outdoor game or contest may be engaged in for here is . . . Space.

Numbers of hardy wild flowers grow here. Violets, lady slippers, daisies, jack-in-the-pulpits and tiny bluettes are not difficult to find. Wild strawberries, blackberries and elderberries are also plentiful.

Despite the other advantages to be enjoyed at Waverley Oaks, the Duck Pond is dearest to us. It is part of the Reservation, a short walk from the "Oaks," up Mill street.

Many visitors to the "Oaks" are unaware of the Duck Pond adjacent. Once discovered, it is never again overlooked. Although the Duck Pond is lovely at every season of the year: a cool, restful retreat in the somnolence of the summer months, blindingly russet in the flaming autumn, exhilarating in the sparkle of ice and snow of its three skating months; the time to come to this lovely spot is in its loveliest season, spring. Accept the invitation of the poet, James Russell Lowell, who once wrote to a friend this commendation of the place: "It is surely one of the loveliest spots in the world. It is one of my lions, and if you will make me a visit this spring I will take you up to hear it roar." The roar spoken of is the roar of a waterfall. The pond swollen beyond its capacity in the wet spring months chokes its way through the dam and falls in a beautiful cas-

cade, "Armfuls of diamond and of pearl."

By standing on the bridge and looking down, one gains a lovely view of the waterfall. The "lion" dashes headlong down the rocky stairway, striking each stone step and bounding to the next, spraying foam high into the air. A still more lovely view is obtained from another perspective. Stand at the base of the "fall" and look up as the madcap "lion" hurtles toward one. There is beauty in this swift descent and music in the sluicing, churning, splashing and roaring. The water finally reaches meadowland and, as Beaver Brook, runs quietly along until it joins the Charles River at Waltham.

Adults enjoy the Duck Pond for its quiet serenity and children sit rapturously by its shallow banks peering into the water. Their attention is fixed on the living things they see within; minnows, hornpout and turtles; also legions of tadpoles which wait only for summer to elevate them to frogdom and breathers of air.

Upon starting with the children for a picnic here, we always make it a point to empty cupboard and cake box of all odds and ends of bread, crackers and stale cake. Here the old proverb, "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days," does not apply. Bread cast upon the waters of the Duck Pond brings in a white fleet whose cargo is swansdown and whose siren is the friendly honk honking and conk conking of gratified gobbles.

Toward evening the keeper calls home his flocks of ducks and geese. By shaking cracked corn in a metal pan he announces to them that it is time for their evening meal. If the day has been pleasant and many children have come with their offerings of bread and cake, the birds are filled to bursting and cannot be enticed ashore. They continue to swim about in the Pond and are as difficult to gather in as children sometimes are.

Among the birds is one for whom we have always felt a great interest. He is unlike his mates in that he has a large, bony lump on his forehead. Another interesting attribute we noticed is that he is the respected leader of the geese —quick to reward and quick to punish. The officer of the grounds

"SURE! IT'S BIGGER'N NIAGARA FALLS"

"TWO STRIKES!"

tells us that far from being a deformity the lump signifies the high caste of the leader. He is a rare Chinese mandarin goose and is called by the keepers the "Cop Goose" because he always straightens out any trouble makers. In his Mongolian way he upholds the majesty of the law. Two other very popular members of the Duck Pond population are a pair bearing the well-known names of "Amos 'n' Andy."

A Rhode Island red hen dwells at the duck house. She is as pathetic as her prototype of the story-book tale that hatched out ducklings instead of chicks. This poor, irritable, clawfooted stepmother has good reason for her vexation. Her webfooted children never ask, "Mother, may I go in to swim?"

The Reservation is a bird sanctuary. Flocks of wild ducks and geese, flying by in season, perceiving the bright water beneath, swoop down in numbers to pay prolonged visits to their domesticated relatives.

Two old mill stones still lie here. They are the relics of the ancient fulling mill of Thomas Agar, established in the year 1662, and about which James Russell Lowell wrote the poem, "Beaver Brook," originally called "The Mill." He captured the spirit of quiet serenity pervading the place in the opening lines of his exquisite verse:

"Hushed with broad sunlight lies the hill,
And, minuting the long day's loss,
The cedar's shadow, slow and still,
Creeps o'er its dial of gray moss."

HOW TO REACH WAVERLEY OAKS

Cambridge subway train to Harvard station, then Waverley car to the end of the line. Short walk.

AT CITY POINT

City Point and Near-by

THE PEOPLE of Boston need no invitation to visit City Point. Boston always has been a great salt water city and she loves her L Street. But to those visitors from afar, or to those dwellers of attractive nearby suburbs, a word: This famous place is reached conveniently and rapidly by street car.

A causeway connects Marine Park with historic Castle Island. A trip here assumes historical value when it is realized that Castle Island was fortified to protect the town of Boston. When the British troops evacuated Boston in 1776, they destroyed Castle William, but the American troops restored it in 1797 and called it Fort Independence.

When Marine Park was laid out, the shore line was changed until it became the shape of an almost perfect crescent. Into this sandy crescent ripple the waves of a bay, truly called "Pleasure Bay." Boating, bathing, or simply baking on the hot sands—here are pleasures, indeed. At City Point are several fine bathing beaches with excellent bathhouse facilities, free to the public. For sheer enjoyment and healthful rest a trip here for a cool swim will well repay one.

The Statistical Department of Boston lists the Aquarium, Marine Park, as second only to Franklin Park as a popular attraction. This wonderland of living fish is open free to the public every day from ten to five o'clock.

It is easy to understand what so attracts people to this unusual place. We visited there on a Sunday afternoon recently, taking our two boys and several of their chums. They enjoyed the trip so much they all readily agreed, "It was much better than a movie."

One enters the cold gray stucco structure to find one's self within a fairyland of fish. Here young eyes grow rounder and young bodies press forward, magnetized by the constantly flashing, beautiful grace of rapidly moving fish, each in its separate tank of luminous, soft green water. There is so much to see and so much to learn. The "golden carp," with its burnished fins of gold and cerise, intrigues the little misses, and the "sea horses" (how well the name describes them) find the noses of many small boys pressed against their glass prison.

The sea-lion, "Mike," on the day of our visit, delighted us with a blood-curdling roar. "Mike" has lived eighteen years in captivity, and if he lives another year, which every child earnestly hopes, he will establish a record. However, many of the fish here displayed are extremely short-lived, especially the salt water tropical. Their lives average three or four months, seldom a year.

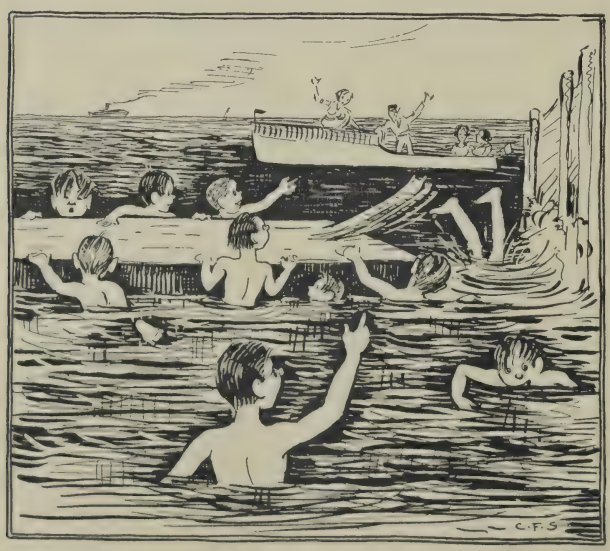
There are no deep water fish on

display at the Aquarium, and the reason for this is that they cannot live in the comparatively shallow tanks. These tanks are between four and five feet deep. When these fish come within that distance of the surface they "blow up" and die. However, a structure is now being built at Woods Hole for the purpose of trying to keep alive these deep water fish.

What the fishy captives eat is of great interest to all. The majority are fed raw cut haddock in sizes varying with the size of the fish; some must have clams, others live crabs. The dietary habits of the young trout are watched over with almost as much care as a baby's formula. These young trout are hatched from eggs. To live they must be fed on ground liver. Actually, this liver for the newly hatched trout must be strained through fine sieves! No Aquarium-bred trout should have anemia.

Many of the fish at the Aquarium are edible. Each has its description plainly printed on its particular case and these titles also tell the visitor whether or not the fish is good to eat. But—no fishing lines allowed.

According to Mr. William J. O'Brien, the director, the fish have a certain amount of intelligence. They are fed three times a week, and they know when feeding time has come. An iron railing runs full length in back of the cases. When the worker starts to feed them, he must step up on this metal runway. As he does so, he places the container of raw cut haddock, or other food, on the railing. It may be that the noise of this action, or the vibration which it causes through the water, is like the ringing of the dinner gong, but whatever it is, the fish know that the time to eat has come. Those standing on the outside of the cases are amused to see the schools of fish immediately swim to the place where the food is dropped into the water.



"DUCK! ! !"

To describe all the fish to be seen at the Aquarium would be impossible, but among the most curious are the following:

The hellbender, which surely lives up to its ugly name; its ugliness defies description. The golden carp, with exquisite dazzling coloring, of the same family as the goldfish. The calico

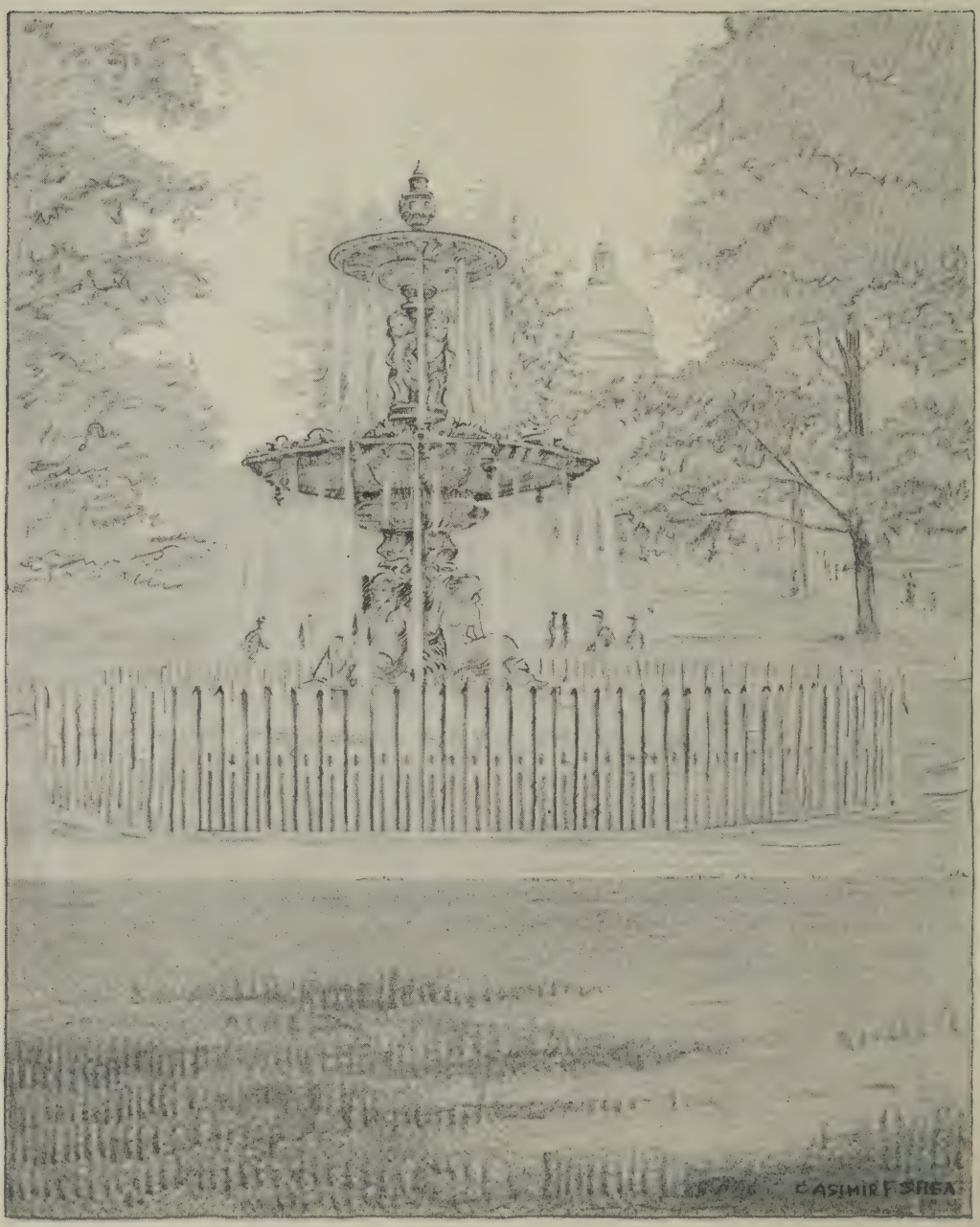
bass, a valuable food fish. The dogfish, peculiar looking. The blue gill, very pretty, a good pan fish and known as the gamest fish of its size. The long-nosed gar, having, as the name implies, a long, funny snout. The toadfish, very ugly. The puffer, which gets its name from its ability to inflate its body. The mutton fish, looking as if cold, greasy mutton fat had been spread over its sides. The speckled moray, a carnivorous, horrible-looking fish. The schoolmaster fish, very beautiful in shape and color. The hogfish, so-called for the swinelike appearance of its head, jaws and teeth. To our children, the most fascinating of all the denizens of this watery world was the great loggerhead turtle, whose old yellowed head and wrinkled neck cause him to look like a good-natured great-great-grandfather of the whole turtle family. Incidentally, one regular tank is not enough for him — he needs one three times the unit size.

"BIG FISH"

Be sure to "do" the Aquarium when you visit Marine Park. It is a drawing card among the attractions of the great Boston Park System.

HOW TO REACH CITY POINT

Dorchester tunnel train to Broadway or Andrew stations, then City Point car; or City Point car from Park street subway station.



ON BOSTON COMMON

The GARDEN, The COMMON, The LIBRARY

LET US next visit the Public Garden and the Common of the City of Boston. At the same time it is possible to include a trip to the Boston Public Library, situated at Copley Square, conveniently near-by.

The Boston Public Library, one of the most important public libraries in the world, was designed by the architects, McKim, Mead and White, after a Florentine palace of the Renaissance period.

We pass through the bronze doors, by Daniel Chester French, and ascend the golden colored marble steps of "that grand, that matchless staircase hall." Guarding the stairway are two lions, by Saint-Gaudens. On the surrounding walls are mural panels by the great French genius, Puvis de Chavannes, depicting Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry, History, Physics, Pastoral Poetry, Dramatic Poetry and Epic Poetry.

Turning the corridor to the right we enter a room containing murals by Edwin Austin Abbey, showing the quest and achievement of the Holy Grail. Sir Galahad and his adventures are here painted on the walls. Because of their great story-telling appeal, these murals are recognized as the most popular in America.

Halfway up the stairway to the corridor above is a jutting balcony on which one may lean and gaze down upon the vastnesses of Bates Hall. Do you wonder who these studious people are, seated below the balcony, among their books? They are the lovers of all that is fine in literature.

On the floor above, in the corridor which bears his name, are the marvelous murals of John S. Sargent. This corridor has been called the Sistine Chapel of America. One is impressed by the striking originality of the murals, their color, their artistic power, their spirit of grandeur rising to the exalted sphere where good and evil fight for mastery.

The beauties of the Public Garden should be enjoyed leisurely. Wander slowly through its labyrinth of flowers which bloom in fragrant and colorful rotation, tulips supplanted by pansies, pansies by geraniums and geraniums by the tropical plants. The rare trees deserve admiration, too. The magnolias of the waxy-pink petals, the purple beeches, and the tree called ginko biloba, maiden-hair tree of Japan, as daintily Japanese as the name sounds.

The charm of the garden is enhanced by its several fountains. Many idle in the checkered shade of the unusual trees and watch the fountains spray their water diamonds in the warm air. Of the statues here, that of George Washington, by Thomas Ball, is one of the finest equestrian statues in

America. Continuing our stroll we come to a beautiful monument, gift of Thomas Lee, "commemorating the discovery that the inhaling of ether causes insensibility to pain. First proved to the world at the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston in 1846." On another side of its stone spire are chiselled these words of comfort, "Neither shall there be any more pain."

How delightfully the broad earth paths of the Garden lend themselves to the patterned game of hop-skotch, skip-rope, marbles and tag. Another popular game is that of shelling peanuts for the tame little pigeons of the coral claws and jerky, iridescent throats.

To every child, a ride on the Swan boats is the best game of all. Time must not be wasted in standing on the bridge which spans the tiny lake. "Hurry, hurry," they say to us in happy expectation. We descend to the lilliputian pier, embark, and gently, imperceptibly, glide over the limpid water, moving so slowly that we are overtaken by a busy little duck which paddles alongside and quacks, "Good-day." We gaze above us. No grove of spruce or fir, of rustling pine or feathery birch screens us about. We are hemmed in by a different kind of tree,—the tall business buildings of a beautiful city. On we glide past the bronze Japanese lantern of great beauty and antiquity, the gift of Japan, and said to have stood in the Royal Garden of that country.

As we step ashore two sailors board the swanboats. This surely is a riddle, "Why do sailors sail on swanboats?" Surviving the perils of the deep, of mountainous waves and watery graves, they come in numbers to be propelled about an artificial pond by a man in swan's clothing.

Crossing Charles Street, we come to the Common. Three centuries old, its history is indissolubly linked with the history of Boston. Although threatened many times, the Common still remains unbroken, untouched by any encroachment of street or of business development. The people of Boston have held on loyally to this great open space and have never allowed any part of it to be taken from them.

Patriotic Bostonians are some-

"IT'S TIME TO EAT"

"SWAN SAILORS"

what resentful of the fact that their Common was used by the British soldiers as a training ground in revolutionary days, but they tell with pride of its use in the days of the Civil War. Then it was a recruiting place, a rallying point of soldiers departing for battle or returning from it. And we remember its uses in the days of the World War when it was dotted with the recruiting booths of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps and almost everyone remembers the signs which read, "Keep off the grass, if you want to roam, join the Navy."

So secluded as to be almost hidden, one part of the Common is a graveyard. Called Central Burying Ground, it lies aloof and solemn in its almost forgotten state, and yet, strangely enough, it is directly across the street from gay theaters and shops whose windows dazzle with costly wares.

The paths of the Common are hallowed by the footprints of great men. Here walked John Hancock, Daniel Webster, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Walt Whitman, Edward Everett and Oliver Wendell Holmes. Holmes made the Common one of the scenes in his charming love story of the Autocrat and the Schoolmistress.

From the Parkman Bandstand we continue along the Common, up Liberty Mall, and climbing the stone steps opposite the State House we rest gratefully in the shade of the Shaw Memorial. Sculptured by Saint-Gaudens, it is the noblest monument in Boston and ranks among the greatest in the world.

On the elevation, opposite to where we rest, is the State House, designed by Bulfinch. The eye is held by the brilliant dome which catches each ray of the setting sun and multiplies it into a thousand more. Emblem of a proud State, the cap of gold fits well.

HOW TO REACH THE GARDEN, THE COMMON, THE LIBRARY

Public Garden—*Any Reservoir, Lake street, Watertown or Huntington avenue car from Park street subway station to Arlington station.*

Boston Common—*Park street subway station is at one corner of the Common.*

Public Library—*Any Boylston street subway car or any Huntington avenue car to Copley Square.*

THE BOSTON AIRPORT

The Boston Airport

If there is a boy in Massachusetts who does not long to be an aviator when he grows up, one visit to the Airport at East Boston will swing him into line with the rest of his air-minded generation.

This Airport is a municipal field under the jurisdiction of the Park Department. Visitors are welcome and may visit the areas in front of the Administration Building and in front of the commercial hangars.

Do not expect to see here any statues, spires or monuments to an historic past. Its history is tomorrow, its monument . . . The Sky.

In 1922 it was an ignominious mud flat; today it is the finest Airport on the Eastern Seaboard. It is in size 100 acres, in shape triangular; its surface is cinders and its gradient level.

The reasons why this Airport excels are many: It can be used by both land planes and sea planes. It has unlimited possibilities for expansion. It has clear approaches on three sides. Its surface buildings are fine. It is near the centre of the city.

There are no greybeards at the Airport, it belongs to Youth. Each and every department is controlled by efficient young men. It is said that the average age is thirty and that there are few employees over thirty-five.

The weather bureau, maintained by the Federal Government and locally in charge of Mr. A. D. Ross, is an important branch of the air service. Without information as to weather, the aviation service could not be maintained. The weather bureau keeps the pilot informed day and night. It sends a report by private teletype wire which runs through to Atlanta, Georgia. At exactly ten minutes to the hour, Boston sends out its report of conditions existing here, general trend of weather, height of clouds or "ceiling," etc. The moment Boston's message is completed the next station records its message, and then the next, and so on. Every station is timed to the second. The weather reports are received simultaneously by all stations.

For the information of the pilots as to weather conditions all over the country, the weather bureau prepares two maps a day, one in the early morning and one in the evening.

For upper air observations balloons are released three times a day. These balloons are about three feet in diameter and are inflated with hydrogen gas. A delicate instrument called a theodolite determines the distance of the balloons from the Airport. The rate of ascension never varies, as the balloons are filled with a fixed amount of hydrogen gas which causes them to ascend at a rate of

500 feet per minute. The results obtained in this way indicate the velocity and direction of the wind.

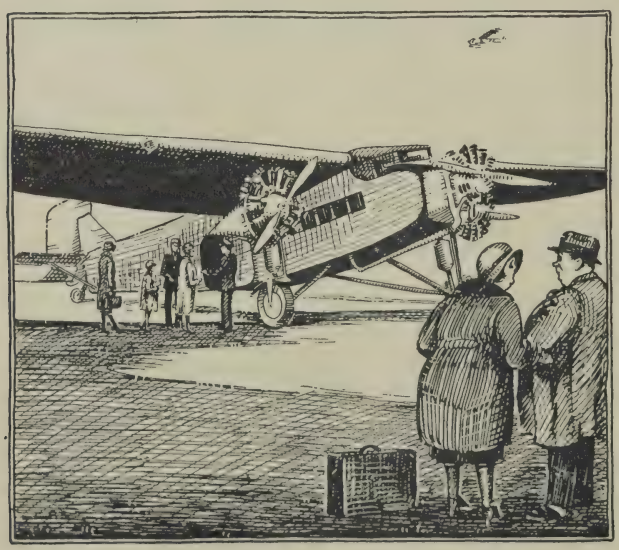
A radio station connected with this department broadcasts reports over the air every half-hour on a special wave length. Airplanes equipped with radio are thus able while in flight to pick up reports. Ships at sea may also pick up these reports but not the ordinary home radios because they are not tuned to the extremely high wave length.

There are four commercial hangars at the Airport and fourteen scheduled leavings and comings each day. The air mail leaves twice a day.

A story is told of a magic carpet which, in centuries past, carried the lovers of the Arabian Nights through spaces at incredible speed. This figment of the imagination, this dream ship of yesterday, is surpassed by the actuality of today. Made of aluminum and steel, a passenger plane carries fifteen persons who reach New York City in two hours and forty-five minutes.

Watching a take-off is exciting. The ship "taxies" out into the open under its own power. The plane has three motors and is equipped with a radio. Thirteen persons are making the trip with two transport pilots. Each person is allowed thirty pounds of baggage which is stored in the hollow of the wings. The passengers settle themselves in the wicker chairs and straps are adjusted. These straps prevent persons from leaving their places and disturbing the equilibrium at the time of take-off or of landing. During the flight straps are not used.

We watch the plane as it skims over the level ground, bounces lightly once or twice, then with the aid of wind and motor gracefully leaves the earth. It sails up higher and higher and in a few minutes is lost to sight.



"LET'S GO"

Among the interesting features of the Airport are: The Memorial Portico with the beautiful tablets to the New England fliers who lost their lives in the World War. The weathervanes in the shape of aeroplanes. The wind "sock" which shows the direction of the wind. On the roof of a hangar an enormous word "BOSTON" lighted up at night by neon light. The orange and black masts

EVERY BOY'S AMBITION

near the entrance which are part of the radio range beacon to guide pilots directly to the Airport. The seaplane ramp and anchorage at the south of the field and the enormous floodlight for night landing.

Outstanding events which have occurred at the Airport since its formal opening on September 8, 1923, are:

September 6, 1924—First official landing in United States of Army round-the-world flight.

July 1, 1926—Inauguration of air-mail service.

April 15, 1929—Inauguration of regular air passenger service.

October 6 to 11, 1930—American Legion national convention air meet.

May 24 and 25, 1931—United States Army Air Corps manoeuvres.

The carriers of man, the vehicles of sea, land and air, are to be seen at the East Boston Airport. On one side the harbor, the ships sail by, on the other side are trolley cars and autos, while above roar the motors of the most extraordinary of vehicles, the transports of the air.

HOW TO REACH THE BOSTON AIRPORT

North station or Lechmere car from Park street subway station to Scollay square station; East Boston tunnel to Maverick station; then Jeffries Point car to the end of the line.

HOUGHTON'S POND

BLUE HILLS and HOUGHTON'S POND

FOURTEEN IN number, the Blue Hills have everything that the White Mountains have—except size. From a distance they appear deep blue in color, due to an atmospheric haze, a sort of ethereal gauze that envelopes them. To the tramper who has often climbed their grassy slopes, the hills must seem misnamed. Seen close at hand, they are Green Hills covered with verdant foliage and forest.

The Blue Hills Reservation is the oldest of the State reservations and also the largest, covering 5,200 acres. It comprises three-fifths of the entire Metropolitan park district and has sixty miles of roads and paths in excellent condition for walking, driving or horseback riding. Everything about this vast park tends to charm the visitor.

By a number of attractive footpaths the nature lover may leave civilization and wander into magnificent woods, finding there blue clumps of bird's foot violets, delicate trailing arbutus, fragrant lily of the valley and, in every shady place, the curling green fern. On a hillslope of the Braintree side is a thick and lovely growth of mountain laurel. On the day of our visit the flowering dogwood was in bloom along Unquity road.

Wolcott Pines, within the Reservation, is one of the finest pine groves in this part of the country. At the Redman Farm is a path, three-fourths of a mile long, lined on either side by two hundred and seventy-five full grown rock maples. The branches and leaves intertwine so thickly that they create a canopy above the road through which the sun never shines.

Growing here are numbers of blueberry patches, a fair cranberry bog, an extensive growth of mushrooms and many nut trees. The public are allowed to pick freely any of these for their own use.

Houghton's or Hoosic - Whisick Pond is a splendid bathing place with a bottom of clean gravel and sand. The State maintains a public bathhouse here. Boating and fishing are permitted. There are a ball field, space for amateur golfers and an excellent playground for children with many swings, seesaws and merry-go-rounds.

The Reservation is a bird and game sanctuary. If the stroller will listen attentively, he will become attuned to the musical trillings and warblings of the many songbirds that linger here. Among the small animals that roam in safety through the woods of the Blue Hills are: deer, foxes, woodchucks, squirrels, muskrats and rabbits.

There is a section here, known swankily as "Little St. Moritz," which boasts two skating ponds, two toboggan slides, and a ski

jump. Every year is held a three day winter carnival at which champions of the skate and ski are invited to perform.

On the summit of the Great Blue Hill, Harvard University maintains an observatory equipped with delicate and valuable apparatus for the study and forecast of weather conditions. There are also many watch towers to observe and report instantly any suspicion of smoke or flame.

As a pleasant picnic ground the Blue Hills cannot be surpassed. If you wish, you may unpack the luncheon hamper in a pine grove, and spread the cloth on a soft carpet of needles, or, if you prefer, upon a mossy bank near some clear, cold stream. Picnickers who are good mountain climbers will choose the hills with their shelflike shoulders of rock and enjoy glimpses of meadowland and range.

THE "BLUE" HILLS

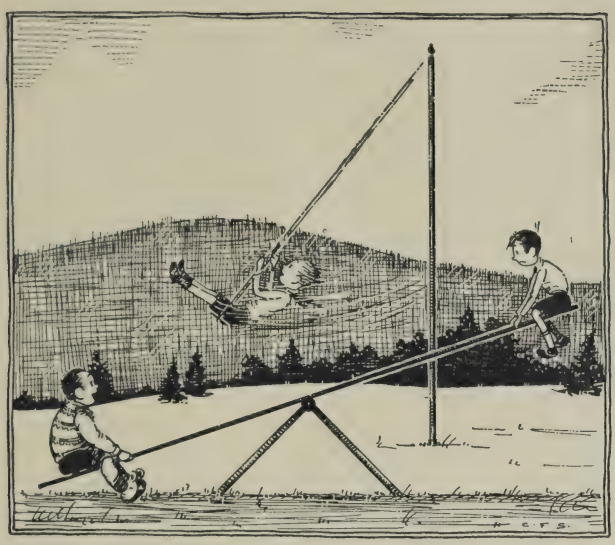
To build a fire for cooking purposes the visitor must first receive permission from the captain at Metropolitan district police station, located near Houghton's Pond.

It is interesting to note the altitudes of the hills. Great Blue Hill, 638 feet, is the highest elevation within ten miles of the sea, from Mount Desert, Maine, to Galveston, Texas. Next comes Chicatawbut (Big Chieftan), then Hancock Hill and a chain of lesser hills ranging from 378 to 500 feet.

Many stories of historical interest are told in connection with the Reservation. The country hereabouts is peppered with Indian names probably given by the Ponkapoag tribe who migrated here from a district called Neponset when they were forced back by the white settlers who had bought their village.

A cellar here dates back to pre-Revolutionary times and marks the home of a man named Bugbee who was an agitator against the Crown, and who, when things became too dangerous in Boston, would fly to this woodland home, where he could hide in safety.

One of the officers of the Metropolitan District, Mr. William Brunton, now lives in a home which was originally owned by Governor John Hancock and which dates back to 1723. In connection with the former



"LOTS OF FUN"

owner, Mr. Brunton tells a story which conveys the thought that this early Governor was not only a great patriot but a great humanitarian as well. While he was in office, a shortage of fuel caused a winter of dreadful suffering among the people of Boston. He came to their relief. He ordered a crew of men to cut the timber on his property and bring it by sleigh to the Neponset river from which it was sledded over the ice to Boston Harbor and then distributed among the needy. By virtue of this act of kindness all the paths in the Blue Hills run in a westerly and northwesterly direction to the Neponset river.

The people of the Bay State should love these Blue Hills not only for their grandeur of landscape but also because they were responsible for the name Massachusetts. "From them the Indian tribe along the Massachusetts Bay derived its name of 'Masadchuseuck' the word in the Algonquin tongue meaning 'the people living near the great hills' which became transformed into the English, 'Massachusetts,' when applied to the bay and colony."

HOW TO REACH THE BLUE HILLS

Dorchester tunnel train to Ashmont station; high-speed trolley to Mattapan station; then Brush Hill Road Transportation Company bus to Big Blue Hill and Houghton's Pond.

THE AGASSIZ MUSEUM

HARVARD UNIVERSITY MUSEUMS

HARVARD UNIVERSITY, in Cambridge, has many museums. The most popular are the Agassiz, Peabody, Germanic and Fogg. All four are free to the public. The Agassiz and Peabody are open on week days from nine to four-thirty, on Sunday from one to four-thirty. The Germanic and Fogg are open on week days from nine to five, on Sunday from one to five.

The Agassiz Museum has been arranged with great care. Its collections are of inestimable value. To the student of Natural History, this Museum is a storehouse of knowledge, and, above all the other museums, it is the favorite of the children.

Let us begin with the room in which the skeletons of whales seem to float in mid-air. There are three suspended from the ceiling, gigantic shells of the Atlantic right whale, the finback and the sperm whale. Oh, Jonah, did your unfortunate tumble cause any one of these to have mal de mer?

To the children, even more than to the scholar, do the wonders of the Agassiz Museum reveal themselves. They see housed within glass a stuffed giraffe, gorgeous specimen, full-throated and benign. A pigmy hippopotamus, pigmy only by comparison. A mountain gorilla so realistically mounted, so natural in his swinging position, as to terrify. In the same case are an orang, a gibbon and a chimpanzee.

In another room, devoted to Atolls and Oceanography, an octopus suspends his horrifying pinkish tentacles. The admirer of corals may see here some splendid varieties. The ones designated as sea whips or sea fans are beauties.

The collection of mounted butterflies will enchant the nature lover.

In walking through the corridor of reptiles, mothers are inclined to avert their eyes, but if they are with little boys to hurry by is not easy. For some unfathomable reason, these cases of serpents have an unusual fascination for them. A certain little boy said: "Just look at this one only, mother. It says, 'the gentle green snake of mild disposition deserves the ill-will of no one.'" Having looked upon this highly recommended specimen, she takes a peek at the rest with less repugnance. The python coiled in stupefying length, the copperhead, rattler, and many others. They seem to writhe and wriggle in their cases, they petrify even though their venom is forever gone.

In a room not far away is a case of villainous looking little animals called "Civets, Mongooses, viverridae." I long to tack up beside their scientific titles the amusing lines of that artist of the palette and the pen, Oliver Herford.

"This, children, is the famed mongoose,
He has an appetite abstruse;
Strange to relate, this creature takes
A curious joy in eating snakes
All kinds, though, it must be confessed,
He likes the poisonous ones the best.
From him we learn how very small
A thing can bring about a Fall.
Oh, mongoose, where were you that day,
When Mistress Eve was led astray?
If you'd but seen the serpent first,
Our parents would not have been cursed.
And so there would be no excuse
For Milton, but for you, Mongoose!"

The children stand before the case of a rogue elephant, which in his heyday terrorized the natives of a village in the south of India. Their sympathy is entirely with the poor rogue, a rogue no longer.

"The frail duration of a flower," was not written of the glass flowers at the Agassiz Museum. They lie in scentless unwithering perfection, immortal tributes to the craftsmanship of their creators, the Blaschkas, father and son, of Dresden, Germany, who modelled the entire exquisite collection without assistance of any kind. The mountain laurel is lovely beyond words, as is also the coffee tree with its yellow beans and delicate white flowers. The spray of goldenrod is so pollenly perfect as to make the poor victim of hay fever sneeze on sight. Among the glass fruits are two, the unripe peach and the wild strawberry, which look sour enough to make the mouth water.

At this museum is the largest piece of real amber in the world. The collection of amethyst and other gems is engrossing.

Fully clothed models of primitive people are to be found at the Peabody Museum. The model Eskimo stands, life size, in the actual garments worn by his tribe in their arctic life. The Dakota Indian in war costume of beads and feathers is arrestingly handsome. The collection of totem poles exhibited here is a wondrous sight.

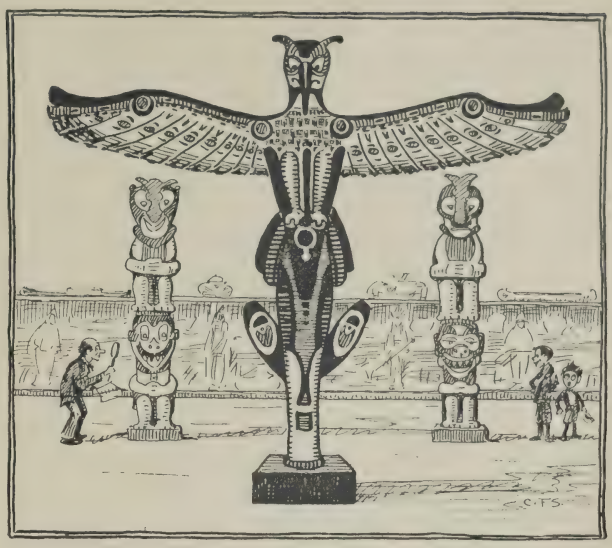
The models of villages showing the life of the primitive people in miniature are delightfully interesting. One may study their habitations, manner of building, campfires, storage places, their dogs and their boats. The one in which a tiny Eskimo figurine builds his igloo, block on icy block, is particularly fine.

Here also you may visit Africa

"SUPPOSE HE HAD A SORE THROAT?"

or the tiny islands of Oceania, and see the clothing of the natives, their beautiful or curious implements, or see models of the famous Maya ruins in Central America.

The papoose cradles, intricately beaded, are charming objects on view here. Do not overlook a storage basket of the Apache Indian, a recent and fine addition to the Peabody Museum.



TOTEM POLES—RECORDS OF THE PAST

The Germanic Museum, architecturally, is a delight to the eye. Its history is especially interesting. In 1902, the German Emperor gave a collection of casts and his gifts stimulated other Germans to donate generously. All the museum pieces are casts. Many are beautifully colored. To be seen here is a replica of the Golden Gate of the Cathedral of Freiberg, Saxony. Made entirely of plaster, its delicate arch is of such beauty as to leave one breathless.

The Fogg Museum has a collection of Egyptian, Greek, Oriental, European and American art. Hours could be spent here in the study and enjoyment of the Japanese print collection. One of the most important collections at the Fogg is that of Italian paintings. There are also a few excellent Flemish paintings.

To make worthy use of our leisure is an admirable plan, and where could it be used to greater advantage than in spending a happy afternoon in the museums of Harvard University.

HOW TO REACH THE HARVARD UNIVERSITY MUSEUMS

Cambridge subway train to Harvard station. Short walk.

SPOT POND

Spot Pond and Middlesex Fells

Our destination today is Middlesex Fells, a State reservation of approximately 3,038 acres, centering around Spot Pond in Stoneham, a reservoir of the Metropolitan water system. Of great beauty, this region can be reached easily by trolley. Many small ponds, pools, marshes and ledges give charm and variety to the landscape and attract throngs of guests.

Spot Pond was named by Governor Winthrop. With a party of friends he was enjoying a picnic on Bear Hill which overlooks the Pond. And as he gazed down upon the beauty of the pond, dotted by its many islands, he remarked that they looked like spots on the water, and so it was named "Spot Pond."

Spot Pond was made a reservoir by the Commonwealth in 1900. Before that time it was a natural pond. Today a culvert runs under the pond and drains off the water from Doleful Pond, leaving Spot Pond as a reservoir of the Metropolitan District.

The Reservation is a heavily wooded district with footpaths and bridle paths leading in all directions. Perhaps the loveliest of these is the one called the Skyline Trail, running from Medford to Stoneham and Winchester and also to the Melrose edge of the reservation. The trail is plainly marked for the tramper by white dots on the trees.

There are fine views of this undulating country from many hills, as for example, Bear Hill on the Winchester side, and Whip Hill on the Melrose side.

The nature lover will find almost any walk in the Fells interesting, for the Reservation abounds with trees, flowers, birds, and small animals. According to the officer of the grounds, there are over one-half million pines, hemlock and spruce planted here.

One of the interesting features of the Reservation is the steel observatory at Ram's Head Hill, Medford. This was built by General Lawrence and was taken over by the Commonwealth three or four years ago.

Visitors who yearn for the delights of a picnic cooked in the open will be glad to learn that cookfires are allowed in the gravel pits near the sheepfold and that wood is provided. No permission is necessary, but visitors are requested not to build fires elsewhere, or to use any more wood than is necessary.

When visiting the Middlesex Fells Reservation do not neglect to call at the Metropolitan water system station. Here is a place of dynamic interest that might be called a clearing house for water since twelve of the surrounding towns are dependent upon it for their drinking water. The build-

ing overlooks Spot Pond and is open to the public. Housed herein are three engines of incredible ability and size. While we stood in awe watching the tremendous pumps at work, the engineer described their terrific force.

The pumps work night and day drawing water from one place and forcing it to another. Spot Pond is too low to give sufficient pressure. The water is pumped from the pond into the Fells Reservoir and from there runs down into the elaborate piping system of the numerous towns below.

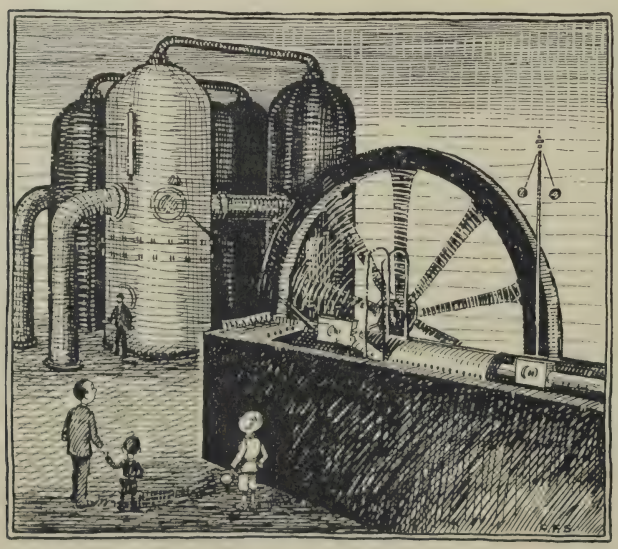
There are gauges for everything here,—steam, vacuum, water and counter gauges. A valuable barometer tells the distance of the water above sea level. Another tests the vacuum gauge. These great wheels, turbines and gauges would mean much more to the mechanically inclined than to others, for the initiated would understand how they work and for what purpose they are used.

On the northeast shore of Spot Pond the Commonwealth of Massachusetts maintains a zoo. This zoo gives more pleasure to the children than anything else on the Reservation.

Since space does not permit naming every animal exhibited here, I recommend the following as the most interesting:

The rare white peacocks which we think are the most gorgeous of the birds until we see their rivals in the next cage, the peacocks of bluish green and bronze shadings.

The white fronted geese are pompous birds. The bernicle geese inspect each visitor with an alert air. I suggest to children that a close scrutiny of the oval pool in this cage will repay, for there are several small alligators hiding beneath the surface of the water.



DYNAMIC INTEREST

A singular bird is the Japanese teal. Fashioned after the modernistic school, this elegant fowl is made up of sharp angles and ultra brilliant colors. The Reeves pheasants, in the adjoining cage, although pretty, are by no means as uncommon as the Japanese teal.

The visitor progresses naturally from the bird cages to the bear dens. Here are five husky specimens of black bear. In the cage with his father and mother lives "Sneezer," a fat, brown

"GIVE A FELLOW A BITE"

bear, who was born at the Zoo two years ago. The badgers are interesting and the handsome cougar, or mountain lion, thrills us by growling vociferously as we approach his cage.

Several active little red foxes live in captivity at this zoo.

Two bald eagles perch on the branches of a lifeless tree and over their aquiline beaks look down at us, stolidly. Nearby are great horned owls and cooper hawks.

A wire fence encloses a deer park of about three acres. The fifteen deer who live here seem very intelligent and tame. In another enclosure live a pair of elk, and in the next yard a pair of shaggy brown bison. The five peccaries, or wild boar, are most unusual looking creatures.

We come next to the cage of the timber or lobo wolves. Often we have read of their cruelty to man and their cleverness in stalking him for their prey, yet how can we feel unsympathetic toward this particular family. The mother is surrounded by a litter of tiny wolf puppies, which she fondles with the love of a mother dog, while the father stalks about, snarling with pride and challenging the spectators to admire his brood.

HOW TO REACH SPOT POND

North station or Lechmere car to Haymarket station; Elevated train to Sullivan square station; then Stoneham car.

"OLD IRONSIDES" AT THE NAVY YARD

BUNKER HILL and THE NAVY YARD

CHARLESTOWN is rich in historical interest. Here Bunker Hill monument rises in austere dignity, its 221 feet of New England granite commemorating the battle of Bunker Hill. The monument is open from nine until four; there is an admission charge. From the top of its massive obelisk, if one is willing to climb the winding stairway of 294 steps, a fine view of Boston is to be had with the harbor and sea on the east and the inland communities on the west.

A strange battle, that of Bunker Hill, for the spectators outnumbered the fighters! General Gage and other officers watched the fight from the tower of the Old North Church. Every high point of land, every roof and window that had an outlook over the water was crowded with people of Boston, sympathizers with either the British or Revolutionary forces, watching the fight with intense and frantic interest. We all know that at length the British won, but the defense was so well conceived and obstinately maintained and the retreat so covered with bravery and military skill that, although it was an American defeat, it had all the essentials of an American victory.

Fifty years later, when the cornerstone of the mighty shaft was laid, the great orator, Daniel Webster, summed up its meaning and its influence:

"It is a plain shaft. It bears no inscription. But it looks, it speaks, to the full comprehension of every American mind, and the awakening of glowing enthusiasm in every American heart."

There is a story told of Bunker Hill which, though old, is such a good one that it bears repeating:

"In the tower of London there is a cannon which, as the English claim, was captured at Bunker Hill. A few years ago, when this was vauntingly shown to a visiting American, he looked it over very calmly and then, just as calmly, said: 'Oh, I see; you have the cannon—and we have the hill!' "

From the Hill we stroll down the crooked streets of Charlestown. This section of Boston numbers among its illustrious dead John Harvard, benefactor of the great college which bears his name; Thomas Ball, the sculptor; the Reverend Jedidiah Morse, author of the first geography of the United States, and better known as the father of Samuel F. B. Morse, the inventor.

And now we come to warped old "Wapping Street," at the foot of which is a sign on which a giant's hand points the words, "Entrance to the Navy Yard." But if this huge directing sign were missing, we still could find our way quite easily, for above the brick entrance gate and surrounding wall rise the

masts of ships with their delicate intricacies of rigging to beckon us.

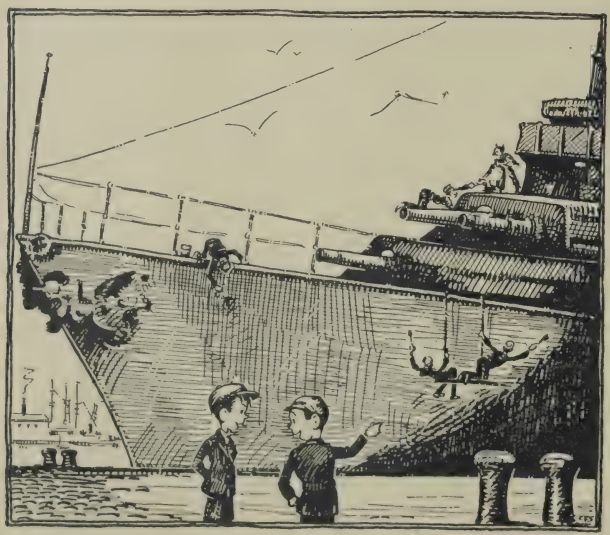
Visitors are permitted at the Navy Yard every day. On Saturday afternoon and all day Sunday the Frigate Constitution, that grand "Old Ironsides" of the United States Navy, is open for inspection.

As this is written it is expected that, on July 3, the Constitution will leave for calls at many ports. Indications are that after its cruise, the Constitution will return to its berth at the Navy Yard.

A more interesting trip than the one to the Navy Yard would be hard to find. It is a little city by itself, a hive of activity having dry docks, marine railway, numerous shops, ropewalk, sail lofts, power plant and administration building.

The ropewalk at the Navy Yard is close in interest to the Constitution. Visitors are welcome. They may see here the process of making rope from the crude hemp to the finished cord and rope. The noise of the place is incredible, but there is something fascinating about the golden strands of hemp, flying through the air in a seemingly fluid state, pouring out of the mouths of machines and looking exactly like pulled molasses candy.

To children the Navy Yard is an extremely interesting place. On our visit I was accompanied by my two little boys. The sentry at the gate gave them quite a thrill. The request for visitors' cards at the office of the chief of police was impressive, too. Then, as we continued along, we passed the Butcher Shop and the Commissary Department. From the upper windows of this building came the strains of music played by some unknown sailor on some equally unknown instrument. Apparently his leisure was practice time. On we went, marvelling at the ships which we saw at dock. The granite dry docks are vast in size. Fearfully deep, they are dizzying to look into. One of them, Dry Dock No. 1, was the first built in this country.



"OH, BOY, WHAT A JOB!"

Fortunate are the visitors who are present at the Navy Yard during the arrival of a ship at one of the Dry Docks. The ship comes into dock under her own commanding officer, who is in charge until she crosses the sill of the dock. When the sill is passed, the Naval

Constructor, who is Docking Officer of the Yard, takes charge and has full responsibility from then on. The ship must be centered so that she will settle into the dock on blocks when the water recedes. These blocks are laid before the ship comes in to correspond with the contour of the particular ship. As the water is pumped out of the dock, the ship's sides are scraped by sailors in boats who remove any marine growth attached to her sides. After the sides have been thoroughly scraped, the bottom of the ship is painted.

"221 FEET HIGH"

The little boys were in raptures over this salty adventure. Such cries as: "Oh, just look at this," "Oh, what is that?" were frequent. Their curiosity was insatiable, yet when a cheerful young sailor said, "Want to learn something about the Navy, sonny?" I was horrified at the rudeness of my five-year old boy's reply: "No, I know all about it, my daddy was a Gob."

We went on board "Old Ironsides," in dock, nearing completion of extensive repair. The old worn planks are still there and the guns covered with fresh paint are at rest. The furniture in the officers' quarters is an exact reproduction of the furniture used when the ship was in active fighting.

That this proud old frigate has been kept through the years as a national possession is due in a great part to Oliver Wendell Holmes, who, when a young poet, wrote these lines:

"Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!"

HOW TO REACH BUNKER HILL AND THE NAVY YARD

North station or Lechmere car to Haymarket station; then Sullivan square-Bunker Hill car to Monument street for Bunker Hill and same car to Chelsea street for the entrance to the Navy Yard.

A WHITE OAK IN THE ARBORETUM

The Arnold Arboretum

There is infinite allure in the words, "Open from sunrise to sundown," which is the poetical way in which the Arnold Arboretum, famous Tree Museum of Harvard University, extends a welcome.

The Arboretum was founded with a bequest from James Arnold, a merchant of New Bedford, Massachusetts. Through an agreement made in 1872, the President and Fellows of Harvard College became trustees of the Arnold bequest. As a site for this tree garden they provided a farm in West Roxbury which had been given to the University by Mr. Benjamin Bussey. The vision of the founder was that all hardy plants of the entire world were to be represented at the Arboretum.

In the Arboretum is now the finest collection of living trees and shrubs in the United States. It is the only Arboretum in the country that can be compared to the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, London, England. The purpose of the Arboretum is to conduct research and experimentation with trees, shrubs and vines with regard to their adaptability to the climate of New England.

Beautiful and living, the Arboretum is a tree monument to Professor Charles Sprague Sargent, who was appointed director at the time of its inception and who remained its head for the next fifty-five years until his death, March 22, 1927. By hard work, preseverance, diplomacy and skill, Professor Sargent, with little money, changed a rundown farm into a Tree Museum which ranks as one of the finest on the earth.

When the City of Boston took title to the lands of the Arboretum the City forthwith leased the entire tract back to the President and Fellows of Harvard College for a thousand years at a rental of one dollar a year. At the end of that period the College may renew the lease for another thousand years, and so on from time to time forever. It is tax free.

The great beauty of the landscape captivates immediately. The area is partly surrounded by a low stone wall over which grow a tangle of creeping vines. At the Jamaica Plain Gate, the visitor should notice the different vines, such as the wild grape, bittersweet, clematis and Chinese matrimony vine.

Only a small portion of the 260 acres is level. The land swells into prominences such as Peter's Hill, Bussey Hill and Hemlock Hill from the summits of which one obtains views of surpassing beauty. Winding footpaths and soft earthy bridle paths lead into enthralling vistas. The names of the tree and flower paths tell their own story: Maple, Willow, Linden, Ash,

Catalpa, Birch and Azalea are but a few.

Representatives of the trees in the Arboretum grow along the roads. Visitors passing through thus obtain a general idea of the groups of trees which are here.

The student of botany and arboriculture will find collected here more than 6,500 varieties and species of trees and woody plants, about 4,000 of which are native and 2,500 exotic. The latter come from Japan, China, Siberia and the Himalayas. The leading forestry experts of the country spend considerable periods of study at the Arboretum, where there are departments in every phase of tree culture. Tree diseases are combated, new kinds of trees studied and propagation carried on.

Many plants have been introduced into this country through the agency of the Arboretum. We are all familiar with the hedges of Japanese barberry, so sturdy in growth and presenting so cheerful a display of autumn leaves and decorative berries. This much used plant was first introduced into this country by the Arboretum. The exquisite sweet autumn clematis, too, came to America, from Russia, by way of the Arboretum.

The first tree of this living Museum to bloom is the white maple, and this happens in the wintry month of February. It is followed by the red maple, a tree of vigorous beauty. Of the showy trees, the Asiatic magnolia is the first to bloom. In front of the Administration Building masses of them may be seen flowering in all their oriental, thick-petalled fragrance in the month of April. Not a far distance from this building stand a clump of tulip trees which are wonderful specimens.

In the order of flowering, after the earliest flowering magnolias, comes the golden forsythia, sometimes called the "golden bell." A breath of springtime is in the air when these yellow bells nod on their leafless branches.

It is not necessary to go to Washington to enjoy the Japanese cherry trees in flower. The same kinds and varieties may be seen at this Tree Garden in their delicate colors, some pink and others white.

A beautiful shade tree, which stands majestically apart, is the White Oak.

"GREAT OAKS FROM LITTLE ACORNS GROW"

Though of mighty proportions it is exceedingly graceful. As to its age, no one is willing even to guess.

To give here a detailed account of the plants of the Tree Garden is impossible, but the nature lover will feel well repaid who searches out the following: The Japanese azaleas light the landscape with salmon, orange and red. The Korean azaleas pour out a glowing cloud of rosy mauve. The Japanese spring cherry, Sargent's juniper, the Arnold crabapple, Father Hugo's yellow bush rose and hundreds of others are equally beautiful though less well known.

ON THE BRIDLE PATH

The Arboretum is a haven for birds. Probably one hundred species can be found here in the course of a year, including many of our most beautiful birds of song or plumage, such as the song thrush, veery, rose-breasted grosbeak, oriole, bluebird, warbler, cat bird and kingfisher.

The blossoming lilac trees bring the largest number of guests to the Arboretum. The newspapers announce their reign of beauty. This is generally from the fifth to the twenty-fifth of May. They are enthroned, not in small clumps here and there, but in veritable avenues of sweetness, extending for a quarter of a mile along Lilac Road. Many are the songs, books and plays written about "Lilac Time." This flower everyone loves. In free verse it has been immortalized by Amy Lowell, who calls it New England's own flower.

"Lilacs,
False blue,
White,
Purple,
Color of lilac,
Your great puffs of flowers
Are everywhere in this my New England."

HOW TO REACH THE ARNOLD ARBORETUM

Jamaica Plain car from Park street subway station to South and Center streets, then Center street bus to gate; or

Dorchester tunnel train to Washington station, then Elevated train to Forest Hills station. Short walk.

IN FRANKLIN PARK

Franklin Park

A TRIP TO the Park named in honor of the most remarkable of Americans, Benjamin Franklin, delights and stimulates. It can readily be reached by street car and, once visited, calls forth not the relieved, "Well, that's over with," but rather the anticipatory remark, "How soon shall we be able to come here again?" Franklin Park is the largest and most pretentious of the parks of Boston, comprising 527 acres. To those who love a dash of history to add spice to their excursions, let them note the marker placed here by the Daughters of the American Revolution which reads: "This stone marks the old Indian Trail to Plymouth, Massachusetts."

The most remarkable thing about Franklin Park is the diversity of its pleasures. For every type and personality there is a particular joy. The glamorous rose garden attracts rose worshippers from the time the first bud opens in June till "the last rose of summer." They come in devoted pilgrimages from all parts of the New England states to pay tribute to these queens of the flower kingdom at their perfumed principality, the circular rose garden of Franklin Park.

For the golfer there is the 110-acre public golf links, considered one of the finest municipal links in the country.

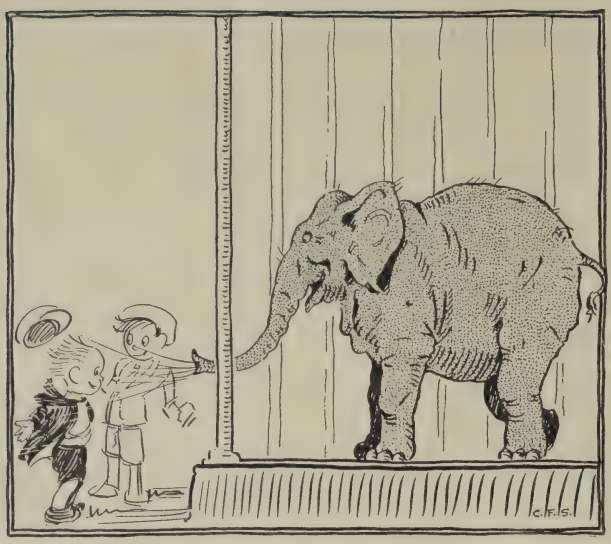
For the lover of music there are concerts at the band-stand every Sunday afternoon in the summer. A splendid orchestra plays delightfully varied programs, adding to the enjoyment of the visitor.

The bird house at Franklin Park is the finest of its kind in the land. It is Chinese in architecture with pointed pagoda-like roof and decorations of red, green and gold, symbolic of the bizarre plumage within. On either side of the broad front steps are masses of gorgeous rhododendrons of shades ranging from the deepest red to the most delicate pink.

Such a squawking, screeching, chattering and trilling as one enters this temple of the birds. The ornithologist hastens as he hears the din, for to him it means the study of his feathered friend in the life. The out-of-door aviary with its spectacular prisoners is also a wondrous sight to see.

Although the golf links, the rose garden, the concerts and the aviary undoubtedly attract great multitudes of men and women, incredible numbers of little boys and girls come here with one thought in mind,—the Zoo.

Our little boys were no exception. They hastened up the broad asphalt walk which leads to an attractive and harmless looking stone dwelling. Unlike Hansel and Gretel, who did not know that their



"ELEPHANTINE" FUN

candy house enclosed a witch, our boys know well that the tenants of this comfortable home are lions and tigers, leopards and pumas, yet unperturbed they cross the thrilling threshold. In the first cage the puma stretches like a big cat. Two snow leopards, new additions to the Zoo, are next. Further along lives Mike Simba, a magnificent lion. In the next cage sprawls a fierce Bengal tiger, "his doublet slashed with black and gold."

In the warm weather these wild beasts are allowed to loll on their carefully barred front verandas and one is able to view them in the open air. This has its advantages for those with delicate noses.

Leaving the Lion's Den we come to the Elephants' Home. The elephants live in a vast sun-room with domed roof of glass and walls of delicately tinted green. They share this splendid home with the hippopotamus, a great good-natured clown. In a class by themselves are the beloved elephants. Who could call them beasts? The tiger is a beast, the treacherous panther, cruel leopard and hideous "hippo" are beasts, but not that stigma for these marvelous giants. They are the ponderous, patient, patriarchs of Franklin Park and—they never forget.

Fortunate visitors are we, arriving at their supper hour, four o'clock. The keepers run in, they seem like pygmies unable to bear their heavy burdens of food. They tip over the huge baskets, flinging out cabbages, carrots, beets and other vegetables and dozens of loaves of stale bread. A bale or two of hay serves as an appetizer. The elephants swing their trunks through the heaps of food, choosing this bigbit or that. They sweep up piles of hay, toss it into the air and let it fall sliding over their massive backs and ears. They switch up long loaves of hard bread and toss them into their coral-pink mouths, then chew them up with the indifferent ease with which we would munch an oyster cracker.

Mr. Daniel Harkins, the curator of the Zoo, tells us that visiting hours are from ten until five. He says the elephants, the hippopotamus and the monkeys are the most popular of the 212 mammals exhibited here. We inquire for the giraffes, but he informs us there are none such here, and adds hope-

fully, "A pair of giraffes and a pair of rhinoceroses would be very acceptable." This may be taken as a gentle hint.

According to Mr. Harkins, the elephants are by far the most intelligent of the animals. They deserve his praise. Not only are they intelligent, but they possess a keen sense of humor. The "hippo" was getting on everyone's nerves. He refused to leave his tank. His keeper had commanded him to come out of the dirty water for his cleansing (by the hose) and to eat his evening meal, a bale of hay. The children stood four deep importuning him to obey. He would not move. His gross bulk lay obstinately submerged with only the ridiculous ears and pop eyes showing. The elephants had left their meal and stood side by side observing the strange behavior of their foolish neighbor. The keeper became exasperated. He lifted a disk from the floor and unscrewed something beneath. The water gurgled out of the tank, but monstrous perversity remained immovable. The keeper attached the nozzle of the hose to the water spout. The elephants could stand it no longer. Through the bars went their swaying, reaching trunks. They'll teach that Gargantuan Guy a thing or two. They'll give him the water works. But, alas, the keeper would not allow them to assist in this matter of discipline. He said, mildly, understandingly, "G'wan, you two, get out o' here, I'll attend to this fellow." Trunkfallen, they immediately obeyed. Such sagacity, such a keenly developed sense of humor.

Do not overlook the bears. They live in style at the further end of the Park. Three handsome snow-white bears are surely worth travelling far to see. They were christened by their keeper, Pasha, Sappho and Sara. Walk further along the path and you will come to another den of bears. A mother brown bear of Europe and her twin daughters, the frolicking flapper cubs, Rose and Marie, named in honor of a musical comedy playing in Boston at the time of their birth. The keeper deserves a compliment for his original choice of bear names.

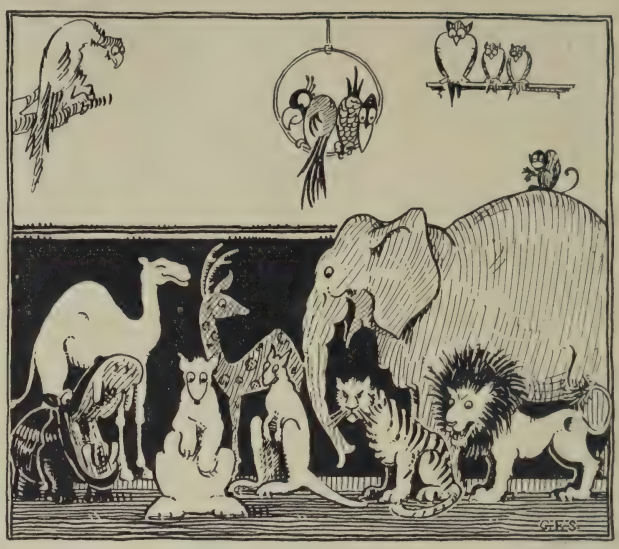
To the crossword puzzle fan: Be sure to call on your friends the Gnu

BIRDS AT THE AVIARY

and the Yak who have so often supplied you with the three-letter words beginning with G and with Y.

The dwellers of the monkey house receive throngs of callers daily and their tricks and tantrums amuse old and young.

In the first apartment of the monkey block live Mr. and Mrs. Kangaroo. We have often read of how the mother carries her young in a pouch. Now, at Franklin Park, we can actually see this enchanting picture. We watched the mother kangaroo tear apart a head of lettuce. Suddenly, a little foxy-looking head appeared from her pouch and the tiny, claw-like hands of her four-months-old baby reached for the tender, crumpled lettuce leaves.



ALL THE BIRDS AND BEASTS ARE THERE

You remember the rhyme:

"Oh, I went to the Animal Fair,
All the birds and beasts were there."

And I say, "Go to Franklin Park."

HOW TO REACH FRANKLIN PARK

Dorchester tunnel train to Andrew station, then Franklin Park car; or

Dorchester tunnel train to Washington station; Elevated train to Egleston station; then Mattapan car.

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